

Thursday 18th PM
(I checked)

Hi

Yesterday I had two visitors from the Dept. of Justice. They even left a business card. I was going to mail for the card, but Barbara said to give it her. I did. They were looking for Phillip Geraci III. Phillip is stationed at Fort Benning Georgia, supposedly. His group was kept over in the U.S. due to the riots. He has a Class A pass to go anywhere he wants to on weekends, supposedly. I say supposedly because it is hearsay.

Tomorrow, I will make a decision on what I am going to do. I feel like a ping-pong ball with a crack in it.

If I take a job out in the sticks, I won't be able to do much with my spare time except read. ~~that's all~~ So I'll get the complete set of volumes of the Warren Report & literally do a lot of reading. I'm seriously considering moving out to the sticks.

Also, I feel sick of school. School in itself is great, but I've had too many interruptions to go back for another one.

I think if I could be left alone for about a year, I might someday become a constructive human being - or maybe I'll just go crazy. I don't know.

Yesterday my mother called to see if I was still alive (so she'd know whether or not to make an insurance claim.) I got so mad that I ran outside and shot the pigeons off the roof who weren't really annoying, just gnawing. Now when I

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go outside, the neighbors run inside and lock the doors. God!

Jack and I were going through some of my books. I have a passion for books. Anyway a live worm fell out of one. I've lugged these books everywhere I've ever lived, & the one's I loved best, I've got hard back editions of. God! a worm -

Anyway I feel depressed as hell and very mixed up and am thinking of going into hibernation somewhere. I'll decide that tomorrow & if I leave, I'll be Sunday or Monday, somewhere out of contact with the world in General.

If I decide to stay in New Orleans, I'll send you my new address as I have to move anyway for shooting the pigeons off the roof.

Incidentally, my psychiatrist is giving me a test to take so that he will have something to back up his letter stating I am sane.

I ate dinner last night at the Country Club & ran into a friend of mine who just got out of the CIA several months ago. I didn't really comprehend how dirty they really are until then.

Raul has done a fantastic job of brainwashing himself. If I knew his secret, I'd brainwash myself into believing I never had any parents and am a product of artificial insemination

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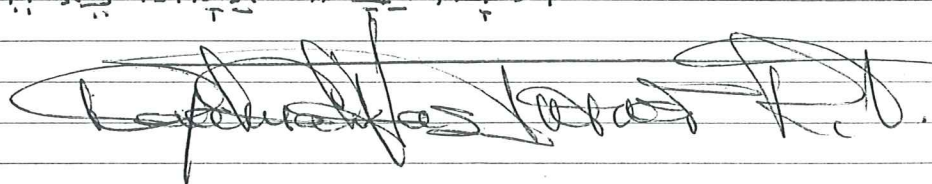
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I gave my psychiatrist free a mercedes benz thing (Φ). It blew his mind.

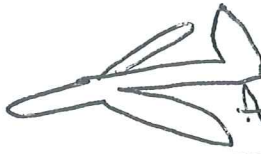
Anyway, I have to go for now, but I want you to know that you're one of my favorite people & I'll probably send you a duck someday, since you all don't have any on your place.

I hope you can read this mess for my typewriter needs a new ribbon.

תודה רבה. אהבה מילא הן בעיני מאד

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